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CHINESE PLAY ACTORS.

The Chinese, according to some writers, would seem to be even more devoted to theatrical amusements than the Greeks or Romans. The Indo-Chinese Gleaner, a newspaper published under the direction of one of the most capable and creditable English writers in the East at the time, gave some particulars of the theatre in Macao in 1831, from which such an opinion may be founded. That town, consisting chiefly of Portuguese, contained but few wealthy Chinese: yet, as was stated, twenty plays were annually performed in front of the great temple, at the expense of 2,200 dollars, without including the cost of the building; while at another temple near the entrance of the harbor, 2,000 dollars were expended for the performances. There were others besides, which raised the whole yearly expense to 6,000 dollars; and all this was drawn from a small and chiefly poor population of shopkeepers and artizans.

They appear to have no permanent theatres of any considerable size; the plays being performed in temporary edifices, "erected with surprizing facility, of bamboos and mats," in front of their temples. The occasions when these amusements are most in vogue, are certain idolatrous festivals, when, as in Rome and her spiritual dependencies, the people are thus chained to their superstitions and their idols, by means of their very amusements. When the extravagance of the former is considered, it may naturally be presumed that there can be but little in the latter, to elevate or instruct the mind, or to purify the character. Another pretty direct evidence of their general tendency may be found in the fact, that the government holds them under its open patronage. No restriction appears to be laid upon them; we hear not even of any taxes: but, on the contrary, as in Paris, the government actually pay something for their support—not, however, very regularly; but the mandarins, on particular days, contribute money.

From some specimens of Chinese dramas which have been published in Europe, ideas might be formed, not very unfavorable to their moral tendency; and indeed some of them, no doubt, contain passages interesting to foreigners, because they disclose traits of Chinese domestic life and manners, which we have not been able otherwise to discover. Many of their plays are printed; and it is

mentioned of a collection of Chinese books belonging to the East India Company, not less than 200 are dramatic works, one of which consists of 40 volumes, and contains one hundred plays.

But we may safely conclude that the Chinese theatre is of the same immoral character with that of other countries, ancient and modern, when we find that its agents, the actors, are of the same low character as elsewhere. "The players in general, says Governor Davis, (of Hong-Kong,) come literally under our legal definition of *vagabonds*, as they consist of strolling bands of ten or a dozen, whose merit and rank in their profession, and consequently their pay, differ widely according to circumstances. "They have no scenical deception," remarks one writer, and another tells us in illustration of the manner in which they make up for the want of it, "a general is ordered upon an expedition to a distant province; he brandishes a whip, or takes in hand the reins of a bridle, and striding three or four times round the stage, in the midst of a tremendous crash of gongs, drums and trumpets, he stops short, and tells the audience where he has arrived."

We add more extracts, selected from different parts of the same writer's account of the Chinese theatre.

"A tolerable judgment may be formed of what little assistance the imaginations of an English audience formerly derived from scenical deception, by the state of the drama and the stage as described by Sir. Philip Sidney about the year 1583. "Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden.—By and by we have news of ship-wreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke; and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the mean time two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field."

The costume, at least, of the Chinese stage is sufficiently appropriate to the characters represented, and on most occasions extremely splendid. Their gay silks and embroidery are lavished on the dresses of the actors, and as most of the serious plays are historical, and for obvious reasons do not touch on events that have occurred since the Tartar conquest, the costumes represent the ancient dress of China, which in the case of females is nearly the same now as ever; but as regards men, very different. The splendor of their theatrical wardrobe was remarked by Ysbrandt Ides, the Russian ambassador, as long ago as 1692.

First entered a very beautiful lady magnificently dressed in cloth of gold, adorned with jewels, and a crown on her head, singing her speech with a charming voice and agreeable motion of the body, playing with her hands, in one of which she held a fan. The prologue thus performed, the play followed, the story of which turned upon a Chinese emperor long since dead, who had behaved himself well towards his country, and in honor of whose memory the play was written. Sometimes he appeared in royal robes, with a flat ivory sceptre in his hand, and sometimes his officers showed themselves with ensigns, arms, and drums, &c.

Some of their stage pieces are no doubt of a vulgar and indecent description; but these in general constitute the amusement of a particular class of society, and are generally adapted to the taste of those who call for them at private entertainments, as already noticed.—A list of the plays which the company of actors is prepared to represent, is handed to the principal guest, who makes his selection in the way most likely to be agreeable to the audience.

The first specimen of a play was translated into French by the Jesuit Prémare, who although actually residing at Peking, and a most accomplished Chinese scholar, (as appears from his *Notitia Linguae Sinicae*,) did not give more than the prose parts, leaving out the lyrical portions, or those which are sung to music, because, as he observes, "they are full of allusions to things unfamiliar to us, and figures of speech very difficult for us to observe." Voltaire made Prémare's translation of the *Orphan of Chaou* the groundwork of one of his best tragedies, *L'Orphelin de la Chine*; it is founded on an event which occurred about a hundred years before the birth of Confucius. In this plot, Dr. Hurd remarked a near resemblance in many points to that of the Electra of Sophocles, where the young Orestes is reared by his *pædagogus*, or tutor, until he is old enough to enact summary justice on the murderers of his father Agamemnon.

It would be easy to point out a number of instances in which the management of the Chinese plays assimilates them very remarkably to that of the Greek drama; and they may both be considered as *originals*, while the theatres of most other nations are copies. The first person who enters, generally introduces himself to the audience exactly in the same way, and states briefly the opening circumstances of the action. The occasional, though not very frequent or outrageous violation of the unities in the Chinese drama, may easily be matched in most other languages, and examples of the same occur even in some of the thirty-three Greek tragedies that remain to us; for the unity of *action* is not observed in the Hercules furens of Euripides;—nor that of *time* in the Agamemnon of Aeschylus, Trachynians of Sophocles, and the Suppliants of Euripides; nor that of *place* in the

Eumenides of Aeschylus. The unimportance however, of a rigid attention to these famous unities has long since been determined, and it is admitted that even Aristotle, to whom they have all been attributed, mentions only that of action at length, merely hints at that of time, and of place says nothing whatever.

Prémare's specimen of the Chinese stage was followed, at the distance of about a century, by the translation of the "Heir in Old Age," which is in fact a comedy from the same collection (the Hundred plays of Yuen) that had afforded the former sample. In this the translator supplied, for the first time, the lyrical or operatic portions which are sung to music, as well as the prose dialogue, having endeavored, as he observes in the introduction, "to render both into English in such a manner as would best convey the spirit of the original, without departing far from its literal meaning." The "Heir in old Age" serves to illustrate some very important points connected with the Chinese character and customs. It shows the consequence which they attach to the due performance of the oblations at the tombs of departed ancestors, as well as to the leaving male representatives, who may continue them; and at the same time describes the ceremonies at the tombs very exactly in detail. The play shows the handmaid is merely a domestic slave, and that both herself and offspring belong to the *wife*, properly so called, of which a man can legally have only one.

We have given these remarks on the Chinese theatre, not for the purpose of commanding the stage as it exists, or ever has existed in that or any other country. In our own view, notwithstanding the apologies and the defence often made in its favor, it is one of those modes of self-delusion by which the mind of man, when dissatisfied with his own character and prospects, or with the allotments of Providence designed for his correction and improvement, seeks to withdraw from them to regions of fancy where he may lose his burthen for a time.

"If man were happy, revellings would cease."

The theatre always strikes us like a splendid quack shop, full of false medicines, and thronged with dupes, deluded to their ruin. The scene is the more sad to an intelligent and philanthropic eye, because something more important than the health is involved.

Unparalleled Mental Operations.

The following unparalleled mental operations in Arithmetic, by Mr. Abram Hagaman of Frighton, Monroe County, N. Y., have been so extraordinary and remarkable that the writer would most respectfully solicit a place for them in the Tribune. The following are the

multiplications mentally performed by Mr. H. or in his head, as the common phrase is, selected with much care and attention, with particular reference to the time of performing each:

- 1st—987654 × 345678 = 341,410,259,412.
- 2d—9753214 × 2345678 = 22,877,899,509,-092.
- 3d—46375619 × 54625125 = 2,533,273,984,-827,375.
- 4th—123456789 × 123456789 = 15,241,578,-750,190,521.
- 5th—9615324516 × 4256484144 = 40,927,-476,341,768,474,204.
- 6th—82527613529 × 49243126216 = 4,063,-917,606,786,202,647,264.
- 7th—951427523675 × 484324256144 = 460,-799,427,678,822,324,209,200.
- 8th—831532463519 × 13234375246 = 534,-870,264,668411,251,650,674.
- 9th—648728418968 × 421875625125 = 273,-682,706,444,726,657,121,000.

The first, second, third and fourth examples he accomplished in from one and a-half to two hours; fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth examples from two to three hours. The ninth examples he actually accomplished in less than one hour, owing to the favorable nature of the multiplier (421675625125). Here it will be seen Mr. H. has multiplied twelve places of figures by twelve places, showing a most powerful strength of memory, to carry out and retain a result of such vast magnitude "in the head" alone. This, we believe, is the greatest mental accomplishment in numbers on record. Colburn, it is said, in his best days, could multiply but five or six. Mr. H. has given his attention mostly to mathematical studies for more than thirty years, in solving abstruse and difficult questions in the various branches of mathematics, though it was but very recently that he commenced his mental operations. Mr. H. has been an invalid for the last fourteen years of his life, during which time he has been confined to his room—yet so strong is his attachment to mathematical studies, that his friends can scarcely prevail upon him to forego it even for one day.
—N. Y. Tribune.

COST OF WAR AND ITS INHUMANITY.

The line-of-battle-ship North Carolina, which lies at anchor in the harbor of New York, doubtless has cost more money than all the donations made to Yale College, and the entire funds invested in its erection, since the institution was founded. What a fruitful topic of reflection is War—its demoralizing influences, its flagrant waste of human life, and its enormous expenditure of money, a direct tax upon the toil of the people!

What has Yale College accomplished?—It has filled the land with educated men and scholars; spread over every portion of this vast Union learned divines, lawyers, physicians, scholars, statesmen. It has given to the rising generation its instructors; to commerce and the arts, men of intelligence and

integrity; to science the most enlightened minds; to literature the purest and loftiest devotion; and diffused over our whole country an influence so extensive in its ramifications, and so stupendous in their moral, social, political and religious results, that they are beyond the reach of human computation.

What has the "North Carolina" battleship achieved, and what is it proposed she shall accomplish? A proud monument of human skill, she lies upon the bosom of the waters a useless engine of modern warfare. Garrisoned by nearly eight hundred men and officers, the cost for her support, in addition to the original outlay of half a million, is enormous. Well, when put to her legitimate uses, does she spread knowledge instead of diffusing ignorance; cultivate peace instead of discord; carry over the bosom of the ocean the blessings of civilization: or is her path stained with blood? These are mere brief suggestions, which if amplified would fill volumes; but they may afford copious reflection for intelligent readers, who choose to run out the parallel.

Some months since a Paixhan shell exploded accidentally in one of the streets of New York. It instantly killed two or three individuals, dreadfully mutilated others, and spread horror and consternation over a populous neighborhood. The newspapers were full of lamentations, and the pulpit deprecates the awful consequences of such a terrific explosion. But this destructive engine of war only accomplished the purpose for which it was designed, and slaughtered only a fractional part of the number it was intended to kill! Ships of war, Paixhan guns, and explosive shells are designed to murder men by wholesale, but when *one* is accidentally slaughtered by these terrific implements, how long and loud are public lamentations. War is the device of corrupt and perfidious men
—Peace the attribute of God.

[New Haven Paper.]

Gaming for Amusement.

Mr. Green, in his remarks upon the so-called "gaming for amusement," tells an incident, the substance of which we will try to give:

In 1836, Mr. G. went down the Mississippi, on his way to New Orleans. The boat (the Mediterranean) was a splendid one, and had a large number of passengers, among whom were many gamblers. They entertained themselves by playing, but the pigeons were scarce. The boat arrived at Memphis, and rounded to, touched at the wharf boat.—Among those who stepped aboard was a young man apparently of about eighteen years. Green saw him enter the cabin, and noted the genteel stranger; the flash of his eye, and the elegance of his exterior, told him that he was full of fire and enthusiasm, fond of excitement and perhaps fond of play. He approached him and asked him if he played

"I have occasionally played whist, and a few other games, merely for amusement at home and in the rooms of the college."—"Will you take a hand with us at whist?"—The other assented and sat down with three "sporting gents," whom he did not suspect to be gamesters. They shuffled, dealt and played, and soon concluded to stake a quarter a corner, and make the play more interesting. They increased the bets: they ran from the insignificant quarter to five dollars a piece. The young collegian became excited and played with great warmth. They changed the game; whist was too long and dull. Brag was the game. This furnished a fine field for doubling bets. The young man was now playing high, but he lost more than he won. He had taken his pocket book out and from time to time lost from it, already about two thousand dollars. It was empty. He repaired to his stateroom, took a package of several thousands, and brought to the table. Brag was resumed; the passion for the game was now at its flood in the young man. His excitement was intense. The blue veins of his temple throbbed and swelled almost to bursting. His spirited eyes flashed and his cheeks were flushed and hot. Yet he did not retrieve a single dollar, he lost, ever lost.

The victim was drunk with excitement; he played without reason, and was almost blinded with madness at his losses. The pigeon was getting well plucked. He had laid four hundred upon the table; 'twas his bet upon his hand. The clerk entered the cabin, and announced their arrival at Helena, where the stranger was to land, and advised him to step to the lower guard if he would be ready. He jumped up, left his bet upon the cloth, and repaired to the lower guard.

He changed his mind. He had a faint hope of retrieving; he would go back and play on. He returned, the boat resumed her course, and he sat down to play. Before morning he had not a cent of money; every dollar lost. They arrived at New Orleans, and the three gamblers left the boat and divided the spoils. They amounted to \$1,500 a piece. Mr. Green met the young man three days after in the street. He was an altered man. His eye was sickly, his cheek was thin, haggard and very pale; he looked like a man who had not slept for three days and nights. His gold watch was absent, and the diamond pin he had sported before. "You have not left the city yet?" said Mr. G. "No, I am unable to do so for want of money. My watch and diamond pin I have pledged for a trifle to the pawn-broker, I would go if I could borrow the means. Can you let me have two hundred and fifty?"—Mr. G.—saw he was under an impulse he could not account for; the horrid change in his appearance, the utter desolation which his loss had worked upon the young man struck him, but the gambler likes not to look upon the poor victim of his devilish arts. He gave him the money to rid himself of the face that would haunt him.

The young man turned upon his heel, and never saw him again. Two years after, Mr. G. was sitting in the Louisville Hotel. An old man entered and asked him if his name was Green. "It is." He then recounted to Mr. G. the circumstances of that night, and asked him if he had met the young man since. "No sir!" "Don't tell me, no," said the old man, "don't tell me, no; tell me where he is." "I assure you, sir, I have never seen him since," said Mr. G. The old man burst into tears. "He was my son, sir. That was the last we've heard of him ever since, for two long years, not a word can I hear, not a single trace of him throughout the land! Tell me where, or how I can find word of him." The old man's grief was overpowering, and Green could not give him a single hope.

The subject did not recur to his mind till years after; not till after he had reformed. Mr. Green was a passenger on a boat bound from Cincinnati to Maysville. He there fell into conversation with a lady, whom he found to have great aversion to gaming. She told him that during the younger years of her boys, they had been in the habit of playing whist at home with their parents for amusement. That in '36 her husband went to Arkansas to buy land. Her oldest son had just returned from college. Wishing to transmit a large sum of money to her husband he was despatched with it; that he fell among gamblers on the river and was fleeced out of every dollar. They had never heard of him. It has broken the heart of every member of the family. The young man's oldest sister had died a lunatic, another was an inmate of the Insane Asylum at Maysville. His brother had lost his reason, and was dragging out a poor lunatic's existence. The father, after two or three years travel through the United States and Texas in search of his abandoned boy, had finally dissipated his property, and died a drunkard's death.

Her own grey hairs were also nearly brought with sorrow to the grave. She was dependent upon charity for support. All—the wreck of mind and happiness, the loss of her dear boy, the death of her husband, the insanity of her children, she attributed entirely to these first parlor games for amusement.

Verily, it is true, that there is a fascination in this gaming, that if one but wet the soles of his shoes in the margin of the stream, he will be drawn into its irresistible current, and be carried away to irrevocable ruin.—*Western paper.*

From the Lynchburg Virginian.

Perilous Adventure.

ASCENT OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE THE SECOND TIME.—It will be recollect that, many years ago, the Natural Bridge was ascended by Col. James H. Piper, then a student at Washington college, and now a member of the State,

Senate. A graphic account of this hazardous exploit, from the pen of Dr. Caruthers, has been long before the world. Nevertheless, many persons who have visited the Bridge, have regarded the story as fabulous, deeming the achievement absolutely impossible. It will be seen, however, by the following brief narrative, with which we have been kindly furnished from an authentic source, that the ascent has been a second time successfully achieved. Certainly he must have steady nerves and indomitable self-reliance who puts life and limb in such imminent peril:

REMARKABLE FEAT.—On Saturday, the 26th of July, there being besides myself, several guests at the tavern of Mr. Luster at the Natural Bridge, we concluded to walk up and view that stupendous prodigy of nature, with which "nought made by human hands can vie," and accordingly, several of us repaired thither, and after being lost in enchantment for some considerable time in gazing upon the far famed attractions, we returned to a small house on the road side, between the bridge and the tavern, where we were favored with an old paper containing an account of the ascension of the bridge by Mr. Piper, many years ago, from the pen of Dr. Caruthers.—While some of us, entirely incredulous, were warmly discussing its title to credibility, we were suddenly interrupted by the cry, "Some one is climbing the bridge!" With the avidity of men anxious to maintain their opinion, until convinced of its falsity by ocular demonstration, we immediately rushed *en masse* to the top of the bridge, still inwardly doubting the possibility of what the next moment met our astonished sight; the ascension of the bridge! When we arrived there, we found two gentlemen on the bridge, who pointed us to Mr. Shaver, the hero of the occasion, standing at the distance of 170 feet from the ground, on a bench (as it is termed) apparently too narrow to stand upon even without motion. From the testimony of the gentlemen present, we learned that Mr. Shaver, passing by there in the morning, concluded to attempt the ascension, merely (I suppose) to gratify his own curiosity or that of others. Without any preparation, he immediately commenced climbing directly under the well-known cedar stump, about ten or fifteen paces higher up the stream than the place from whence Mr. Piper is said to have started, and withal a much more difficult place to ascend, as any one may ascertain by examination. After going perpendicular about 30 feet, he came to a clump of bushes, where he rested a little, and proceeded on to another ledge protruding a little from the main body of rock; thence directly up the steep and rugged ridge lying between the deep ravines on each side of the cedar swamp until he came to the bench where I first saw him.

While upon that bench which is about forty feet from the top, Mr. Shaver inscribed his name in very legible characters, which may be seen by any one from the top of the bridge.

He then advanced up the stream, along the very edge of the awful precipice that overhangs the ravine, until he came around on the opposite side of the stump from where he started. He then came to the last ascent of any danger, and it was truly awful to see a man attempting to climb an overhanging cliff at the distance of 180 feet from the bottom of the dreadful abyss that yawned beneath him, while in ascending his back was in some measure downward, and he had moreover frequently to remove loose stones, in order to secure a hold for his hand. In making the first effort either his strength or resolution failed him, and he returned to the bench and rested. My feelings at this moment were truly indescribable. To see a fellow being poised, as it were, between heaven and earth, with barely a possibility of ascent or descent, clinging to the precarious shrubbery on the side of a lofty precipice, at the base of which I expected every moment to see him dashed to atoms, produced a sensation I cannot describe. Some of the more cautious and prudent of the company proposed sending for ropes by which to draw him up; which was hardly possible under existing circumstances, as perhaps none of us had courage sufficient to venture down the ravine far enough to see him on the side where he then was. We were fearful even to speak to him. Nevertheless, after divesting himself of his boots, and swinging them around his neck with his handkerchief, he made the second effort, in which he happily succeeded amid our happiest congratulations. He was very pale, and in a perfect tremor when he arrived at the top, from which he had not entirely recovered before I took my leave.

The gentlemen present were Messrs. Benjamin A. Holmes, James Campbell, John G. Jefferson, Capt. James A. Gibson, Capt. Joel Lackland, Claudius Tompkins, John Luster, Albert H. Luster, S. H. Luster, and S. H. Carter—who will corroborate the statement.

A fool-hardy and vain-glorious risk.—*Ed. P. Magazine.*

MANNER OF THRESHING IN GREECE.

It was now the middle of July, and the weather was becoming very hot, so that I could not stir out in the middle of the day without my umbrella; but in the morning it was my practice to get up at five o'clock, and stroll with Demotropolis to the columns of the Temple of Jupiter, where, seated on a cool pedestal, on the shady side of the columns, I used to be much entertained at the industry of the Athenians; for all around the base of the columns, for at least one hundred yards, the Athenians have paved it with large stones, and they make use of it as a threshing floor.

Their mode of threshing is peculiar. They fix in the ground a large pott, which rises about five feet out of the ground, and to this they fasten a long rope, nailed on at the bottom. To this rope is attached twelve

horses abreast; the rope leading to the halter of the nearest is about twenty feet, and another shorter rope communicates to the halter of another horse, and so on, till all the horses are fastened in this manner, four feet from each other, and all abreast.

The driver then smacks his whip, and off they bound over the corn strewed over their feet; the further horse being obliged to gallop, while the nearer horse merely goes at a gentle trot. In five or six minutes the nearest horse, by the coils of the rope round the post, is drawn close to it; and no more rope remaining, they are all brought to a stand still. The horses are then unyoked, their heads turned the reverse way, and the horse which was previously the nearest, and who before only had to trot gently, is now placed farthest from the post, and forming the extremity of the circumference, is, in his turn, obliged to go full gallop, and in this manner the corn is threshed.

This is certainly a most expeditious mode, and in two or three hours the horses were unyoked, the stubble cleared away, and the wheat was remaining on the stones. It is afterwards swept together into an heap, and an upright screen is made use of, against which they dash the corn, the wheat falling through, and the husks remaining outside. The sifted wheat is then collected, placed in bags, and the horses are laden with it, and carry it away wherever it may be desired. I went repeatedly, during the latter end of July, to see this operation. There were several large stacks of wheat piled around; and one person had the use of each threshing ground one morning, another the next; but the place was large enough for two or three similar operations to go on at the same time.—[Cochran's *Wanderings in Greece*.]

MOVEMENTS ON THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS AMONG THE FUR TRADERS.—The present, it appears, has been a very favorable year for obtaining robes and furs; the winter was mild and there was very little snow. The company (a part of whom have arrived at St. Louis under Mr. Viunet) had collected about six hundred packs of buffalo robes and a quantity of beaver; they started from Fort Laramie (the upper fort) with four Mackinaw boats and four hundred packs of buffalo robes, and descended the Platte river about ninety miles, when the water became so low that they were compelled to abandon their voyage; they landed their peltries at the Cedar Bluffs, and sent back to the fort for wagons.

Whilst there, Colonel Kearney with two hundred and fifteen dragoons arrived on the 17th of June. He sent out a deputation to a Sioux village to invite the Indians to a talk. The Sioux could not be found; he then went on to Fort Platte, (the lower fort,) and there had the Sioux Indians assembled, held a talk with them, and entered into an agreement, or treaty with them to regulate their conduct with the whites. He at night fired his artill-

ery, discharged a bomb and some rockets in the air, and surprised and astonished the Indians exceedingly.

Col. Kearney intended to go to the Chimney, thence to the South-pass, and from that point to Fort William on the Arkansas.

Whilst the traders were waiting at the Cedar Bluffs, 550 wagons of Oregon emigrants passed them. They had gotten along very well; the Pawnees had shot a few of their cattle, and caught a few of their men straggling from camp, and had stripped them, but did no further injury.

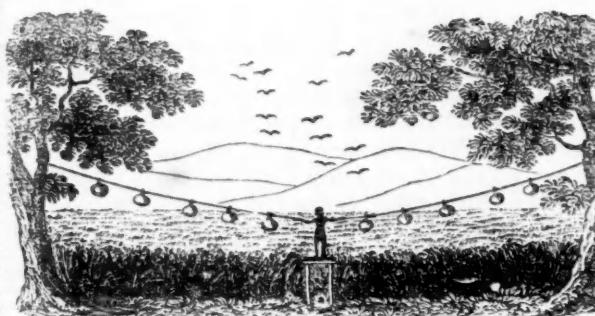
On the—day of June, the traders started from the Cedar Bluffs toward Missouri, with 10 wagons, 123 packs of buffalo robes, and 6 packs of beaver, and came in rapidly without difficulty. They met with no Indians, saw plenty of buffalo, and came to the mouth of Kansas, 175 miles, in 28 days. On a part of the route they were straitened for provisions.

Mr. Cabanne is behind on the Wapello, which is aground. When they left, there were 55 men at Fort Platte, and 35 at Fort John.

In the Indian country they fell in with Antonio Rubidoux, who had been trading with the Snakes and Yutaws. He had with him 40 or fifty horses and mules, and seven or eight thousand dollars worth of peltries. He had been successful in trading with the Indians; the Yutaws had once robbed his fort when left in the custody of some Spaniards, but they were generally very friendly with him. He stopped with his brother at St. Joseph.—Selected.

He Never Speaks Kind to Me.—Conversing the other day with an interesting little girl between the age of six and seven, I took occasion to impress upon her mind the debt of gratitude that was due from her to her own parent whom every body loves. I was perfectly thunderstruck with her answer. Looking me full in the face with her soft blue eyes, she replied, "He never speaks kind to me." Perhaps the Christian father, harassed with the cares of life, was unconscious that he had roughly checked the fond attention of his child; but could cares or the interruptions of his child, excuse unkindness or a total want of tokens of endearment? Will the fathers examine their habits on this point?—*Warsaw Visitor*.

ENTERPRISE.—The schooner Francis Amy arrived at Baltimore on Monday, having on board about twenty-five thousand dollars in specie, recovered from the wreck of the Spanish ship San Pedro, sunk on the Spanish Main. This money, the Baltimore American says, is the property of the "San Pedro Company," of that city, which a short time ago fitted out an expedition to search the sunken ship by means of a diving bell.



AN AFRICAN SCARECROW.

This singular way of scaring away birds from cornfields, is drawn and described by Lander, in his travels in Africa. He observed stages erected in the cultivated fields near Yaourie, along the banks of the Niger, while he was on his boat-voyage down that great river, whose mouth he discovered in the year 1830.

Among the most important branches of reading which the trash of the day throws into the background, is that of voyages and travels: a department always regarded by sensible men as highly interesting and instructive. If justly so considered a thousand, or an hundred or fifty years ago, how much is its importance now increased, since so many volumes have been added to our libraries.

The following is Mr. Lander's description of the Scarecrow above depicted.

"On all the borders of the numerous branches of the Niger, as well as on its small islands, vast quantities of corn were growing; and it being near the time of harvest, it was nearly ripe, and waved over the water's edge very prettily. Platforms were everywhere erected to the height of, or rather above the corn, which grows as high as ten or twelve feet. People were stationed on these to scare away the numerous flights of small birds, which do great mischief, and would, without this precaution, destroy the hopes of the cultivator. A boy or girl, and in many cases a woman with a child at her breast, and even a whole family together, we observed on the platforms, amusing themselves in this manner, without the slightest shade or covering of any kind to shelter them from the fierceness of the sunbeams. Standing erect and motionless, many of them looked like statues of black marble rather than living human beings; but others, particularly the women, disregarding their duty, were industriously employed in plaiting straw, supplying the wants of their children, manufacturing mats, dressing provisions, &c. In order the more effectually to frighten away the birds, several of the watchers were furnished with slings and stones, in the use of which they seem to be very skilful; besides these, pieces of rope

were fastened from the platform to a tree at some distance, to which large calabashes were suspended, with holes in them, through which sticks were passed, so that when the rope is pulled they make a loud clattering noise. The calabashes are sometimes fastened whole to the rope, containing about a handful of stones, which answer the purpose of making a noise when put in motion as well as the sticks. To this is often added the hallooing and screaming of the watchers, which is dismal enough to frighten an evil spirit, and it rarely fails to produce the desired effect."

"The inhabitants of many of the numerous walled towns and open villages on the banks of the Niger, and also of the islands, we find, are for the most part Cumbrie people—a poor, despised, and abused, but industrious and hard working race. They are but too often oppressed and persecuted by their more fortunate and powerful neighbors, who affirm that they are fitted by nature only for slaves, and are therefore invariably treated by them as such.

"The Cumbrie also inhabit many parts of Haussa and other countries; they speak different languages, but they have all the same pursuits, superstitions, amusements, and peculiar manners, to which they firmly and scrupulously adhere, both in good and bad fortune, in sickness and in health, in freedom and slavery, at home and in foreign countries, notwithstanding the scorn and derision to which it subjects them; and they are known to cherish and maintain them to the end of life, with as much pertinacity as the Hebrew does his faith and national customs. Inheriting from their ancestors a peaceful, timid, passionless, incurious disposition, they fall an easy prey to all who choose to molest them; they bow their necks to the yoke of slavery without a murmur, and think it a matter of course; and perhaps no people in the world are to be found who are less susceptible of intense feeling and the finer emotions of the human mind, on being stolen away from their favorite amusements and pursuits, and from the bosom of their wives and families, than these Cumbrie people, who are held in such general disesteem. Thousands of them reside in the kingdom of Yaoorie and its provinces of Er.garski; and most of the slaves in the capital have been taken from among them."

THE LEXINGTON SAILED.—The store ship Lexington left the Brooklyn navy yard this morning, and proceeded to her destination—the Gulf of Mexico. She has on board 600 troops; 250 six-chambered rifles, 500 single do.; 1,200 muskets; and a large quantity of ammunition.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

HUDSON.—The census of Hudson, just completed, shows that the number of inhabitants is 5,557, being a decrease of 114 since 1840.



TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE WATER BEETLE.

How little does the careless observer of insects imagine, of the curious facts which the attentive students of nature have discovered in the nature and habits of the various animated beings around us! Yet how important it is for us, parents, and for all other teachers of the young, that we should direct the attention to some of them, or at least show that the subject is worthy of regard and of study! Consider that the hours of leisure are the hours of temptation; and that intelligent minds attracted by taste, and guided by habit, will not be exposed to the whole force of those evil influences which ruin so many of the ignorant and ill-trained around us.

It is with the hope of giving at least an useful bias of this kind to some minds, and to encourage and assist parents in thus directing and instructing their children in the great book of creation which God has spread open to all eyes, that we present in all the numbers of this magazine some of the interesting wonders of nature.

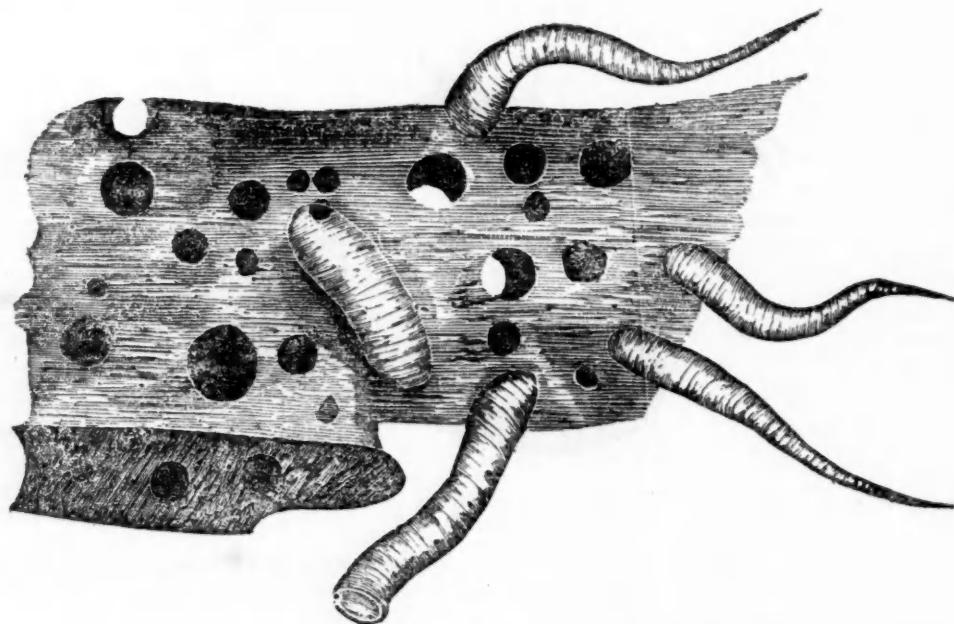
We copy the following description of the figures given above from one of Volumes on Insects, in Harpers' Family and School Libraries:

Among those insects which reside in stagnant water during their metamorphoses, we select the water-beetle (*Dytiscus marginalis*), to show its peculiar transformation. The larvæ proceed from eggs left in a singularly formed nidus of a silky substance, which is allowed by the parent to float on the surface of the water: the part above is long and tapering, as if to serve as a mark of some distinction. After the period of ten or twelve days, they put on the form shown in the under figure. They are of a yellowish brown color, measuring two inches and a half in length, and rather transparent; the body is covered with strong shields: the end of the abdomen is furnished with two long appendages, fringed on their sides with fine hairs. When the larva wishes suddenly to change

its position in the water, or dart from the approach of some larger insect or animal, which might devour it, the insect gives a prompt vermicular movement to its body, striking the water with its tail, the fringe of which then becomes very useful to the animal, since the tail is thereby rendered more fit to resist the water, and to cause the insect to advance. The head is rather flat, armed in front with a pair of very strong, long, and curved jaws, which, when magnified, appear to have at their apex an aperture or an oblong hole, through which the insect sucks, by little and little, all the solid parts of its prey, which generally consist of other larvæ.

They are even bold enough to attack water-newts and tadpoles, and have been known to seize a young tench of three inches in length, and to kill it in the space of a minute: they are, therefore, considered as one of the most mischievous animals that can infest a fish-pond. The singular form of the larva caused it to be considered by ancient authors as analogous with the shrimp tribe, and it has actually been referred to that series of crustaceous insects under the denomination of *Squilla aquatica*. When arrived at its full growth, the larva forms itself an oval hollow cocoon, made of soft earth or clay, collected from the banks of the water it inhabits; in a few days it changes into a chrysalis, which is of a white color. After the space of three weeks it undergoes the last metamorphosis, as represented in the right-hand figure.

The perfect insect is rather more than an inch long, of a blackish olive color, with the outer margins of the neck and wings bordered with yellow. The two sexes of this insect are easily distinguished from each other. The male is known not only by the smoothness of the wing cases, but also by the breadth of the fore feet, which are abbreviated and dilated, convex beneath, and serve as a sucker; while all the feet of the female are similar to one another, and the wing-cases are deeply impressed with a series of longitudinal furrows.

THE SHIP WORM.—(*Teredo Navalis.*)

This is the destructive little animal which has caused the rapid decay, and sometimes the sudden foundering of many a valuable ship at sea; and whose depredations have driven the ship-builder to many, and expensive precautions to secure the noble products of his skill from its attacks. It is chiefly to protect the planks and timbers from this apparently insignificant creature, that sheets of copper are now in general use to cover all that part of the hull that is under water. In our cut, the animals are represented as if living out of the wood, merely to show their shape. They are always buried in it.

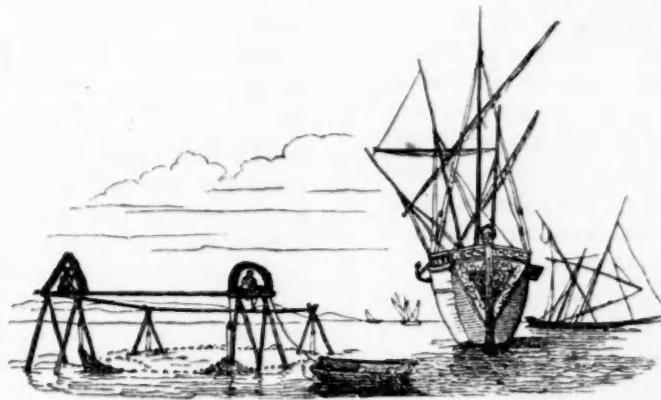
The ship-worm has a long and soft body, furnished with two thin, semi-circular, shelly scales at the head, and with a fragile, shelly tube about its body, which increases with it in length and breadth, as it extends its size and its ravages at equal pace. When it first enters the wood, (which must be under salt water, and within certain seas or climates,) it is scarcely as large as a pin; but it sometimes increases to the diameter of nearly half an inch, and the length of a foot. It bores a smooth hole before it as it proceeds, which has the appearance of being made with a sharp auger; and we should presume that the wood must be cut away by the two shelly scales before mentioned, were they not altogether too thin and brittle to perform such a task. Some writers suppose the animals to be furnished with a strong acid, with which they dissolve or soften the woody fibre.

It is remarkable that the ship-worms never interfere with each other in their work. Although many of them are often crowded together in a very small space, they never cross one-another's track, and seldom or never allow the thin walls left between their galleries to be broken through. We have a block in our collection of curiosities, about the size of a man's fist, which has the appearance of an old honeycomb, and feels about as light as a sponge. In the Naval Lyceum at Brooklyn are several more remarkable specimens, taken from some of our ships returned from cruizes in the tropics.

Although the injuries committed by this little animal on ships and piles driven into the sea are very great, especially among the latter in the dikes of Holland, the benefit they do is incomparably greater, in aiding the process of decay in fallen trees and floating timber, in salt marshes, bays, &c., in hot climates where they abound.

QUEBEC.—The number of emigrants arrived at Quebec this year to 23d August, was 22,805, being an increase of 5,695 upon the corresponding period last year. Tonnage arrived to same date 297,176 tons, being an increase of 127,595 tons.

A CREDITABLE STATE OF FACTS.—Among the many good institutions of Massachusetts there are none that present a more pleasing state of facts than the Savings Banks of the State. The last returns of the Institution now show 49,699 depositors, and \$8,261,345 on deposite.



A TURKISH VESSEL AND FISHING ARRANGEMENT

On the Bosphorus.

The above print, and the following description, we copy from Dr. Dekay's interesting "Sketches of Turkey in 1830 and 1831":—

Speaking of the village of Therapeia, he says: "Here we may witness the operation of taking fish, which is performed in the following manner. One or more stout posts are thrust into the water, at the distance of one or two hundred feet from the shore. Upon this post, at the height of ten or fifteen feet above the water, a wide shed contains a person, whose business it is to announce the appearance of fish to his comrades on shore. A quadrangular space, whose limits are defined by four posts, is enclosed by nets; and the moment a fish appears within it, he is inevitably captured. These fishing stations are surrounded by numerous birds, which watch the capture of the fish, and frequently deprive the fisherman of his prey."

In rough weather they spread a few drops of oil on the surface, which permits them to see clearly to a great depth. I was aware that oil would calm the surface of the sea; but until recently I did not know that it rendered objects more distinct beneath the surface. A trinket of some value had been dropped out of one of the upper windows of our palace on the Bosphorus, which at this place was ten or twelve feet deep. It was so small, that dragging for it would have been perfectly fruitless; and it was accordingly given up for lost, when one of the servants proposed to drop a little oil on the surface. This was attempted, with, however, but faint hopes of success. To our astonishment, the trinket immediately appeared in sight, and was eventually recovered.

The Bosphorus, like the Hellespont, has in all ages been celebrated for the excellence and variety of its fish. Indeed it could scarcely be otherwise, when we recollect its position, as the embouchure of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof. There is scarcely a month in the year in which the Bosphorus is not crowded with shoals of fish, pursuing each other for food, or performing their periodical migrations. Among these the tunny (*Scomber thynnus*) and the Sword-Fish (*Xiphias gladius*) are the most numerous, and are a firm and excellent article of food. They are both taken in nets. The name *Pelamide* is applied to the tunny, though it belongs in fact to another species, with stripes on its sides, (*Thynnus pelamis*.)

The most conspicuous of all the inhabitants of the Bosphorus are porpoises, (*Phocena vulgaris*,) which, availing themselves of the general amnesty accorded to the brute creation, or perhaps owing their safety to some popular superstition, may be seen at all times tumbling about among the crowds of boats which cover the Bosphorus, with entire fearlessness. Shoals too of smaller fry infest the shores; and the most frequent spectacle is groups of men, women and children, with tiny hooks and lines, angling for minnows.—The Sultan himself is said to be fond of this amusement; and at Beshing Tash, (Rocking Stone,) one of his palaces, which resembles a Persian Kiosk, and is built mostly of blue porcelain, he has a room devoted to this purpose. A trap-door opens in the centre of the apartment, over the water, where he can and does amuse his idle hours, without being observed by his subject."

Dr. Kosch, the proprietor of the skeleton now in this city, made a journey of discovery a year since, into Alabama and other Southern regions, with particular reference to this animal. He had the rare good fortune, as the result of his perseverance, aided by the kind assistance of the inhabitants, to disinter the stupendous skeleton which is now set up for exhibition here.

It has evidently been done at great expense and personal toil; and the public, while they owe a debt to Dr. K., will, when paying it, receive a high gratification in contemplating the remains of a race of animals whose length exceeded that of all other creatures hitherto discovered; the spinal column of this skeleton as now arranged measures 114 feet in length. The skeleton having been found entire enclosed in limestone, evidently belonged to one individual, and there is the fullest ground for confidence in its genuineness. The animal was marine and carnivorous, and at his death was imbedded in the ruins of that ancient sea which once occupied the region where Alabama now is; having myself recently passed 400 miles down the Alabama river, and touched at many places, I have had full opportunity to observe, what many geologists have affirmed, the marine and oceanic character of the country.

Judging from the abundance of the remains (some of which have been several years in my possession) these animals must have been very numerous, and doubtless fed upon fishes and other marine creatures,—the inhabitants of a region, then probably of more than tropical heat; and it appears probable also, that this animal frequented bays, estuaries and sea-coasts, rather than the main ocean. As regards the nature of the animal, we shall doubtless be put in possession of Professor Owen's more mature opinion, after he shall have reviewed the entire skeleton. I would only venture to suggest, that he may find little analogy with *whales*, and much more with *lizards*, according to Dr. Harlan's original opinion.

Among the fossil lizards and saurus, this resembles most the *Plesiosaurus*, from which however, it differs very decidedly.

Most observers will probably be struck with the snake-like appearance of the skeleton. It differs, however, most essentially from any existing or fossil serpent, although it may countenance the popular (and I believe well-founded) impression of the existence in our modern seas, of huge animals to which the name of sea serpent has been attached. For a full and satisfactory state-

ment of the evidence on this subject, see a communication by Dr. Bigelow of Boston in the second volume of the American Journal.

Dr. Kosch has committed one error in naming the fossil skeleton now presented here for inspection. By every claim of scientific justice, the epithet *Harlani*, should be suffixed to whatever principal name may be finally adopted. It is but simple justice to the memory of our most distinguished comparative anatomist, who first called the attention of the scientific world to the stupendous fossil animal of Alabama; and there can be no propriety (however kindly it may have been intended,) in imposing the name of another individual, who can claim no other merit in the case, than the very humble one of endeavoring now, as well as formerly, to awaken the public attention to the most remarkable of our fossil treasures. Dr. K. is therefore bound to recall his new epithet, and restore to Dr. Harlan the honor which is his due. I remain, my dear sir, with great regard, your friend and servant,

B. SILLIMAN.
BROOKLYN, L. I., Sept. 2d, 1845.

P. S.—It should be remarked that Dr. Kosch has also brought to light, the most gigantic fossil skeleton of the Mastodon family that has ever been found. It was exhibited in our cities, and is now in the British Museum, having been purchased for two thousand pounds sterling, by that institution.

FARMER'S CLUB.—On the 3d September, Mr. Townsend, of Astoria, a practical farmer, was chosen to preside. The Secretary read an essay on the wet and dry rot in potatoes, read to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, last year; being a translation from the German of F. A. Pinckert, of Weimar. We extract some of the most interesting facts.

The crops of potatoes in mountainous districts are found invariably to be of better quality, and larger in quantity, than those raised elsewhere. It is only within the last few years that the malignant and destructive potato rot has commenced.

In Bohemia it is believed to proceed from insects. In Saxony, Russia, especially in Pomerania, Silesia, Westphalia, and Rhenish Prussia, in the mountainous country of the Lower Rhine, half the crops were lost. In Bavaria potatoes rot sooner than they did six years ago. In Austria and Prussia this disease exists. In Hesse and Nassau, &c., the crops of 1842 were diseased. In England and France, Denmark and Sweden, it is troublesome. It shows itself by perfectly oblit-

erating the internal organic structure of the potato plant.

Prof. Rohlert, of Prague, terms the dry rot a "cold combustion." The potatoes have white spots on them, called "combustion spots." In Nassau are brown spots on the potato, thus afflicted; sometimes they become spongy, with cavities, and an offensive smell. In Saxony the spots are black, and are called "corruption spots." Kleeman says that the dry rot does not always affect all the potatoes in the field. Eyes first affected.

A case was cited where a field, never planted before with potatoes, had the same disease.

Mr. Meigs offered some remarks on steeping seeds, and cited the facts, that during last summer, Dr. Murray made numerous experiments, the results of which were that seeds steeped 39 hours in solutions of silicate of potassa, oxalate of ammonia, muriate of ammonia, superphosphate of lime, sulphate of ammonia, were very efficacious in stimulating germination. In one instance Dr. Murray counted 101 stems, from one grain of blue Moscow barley steeped.

All chemical solutions are fatal to turnip seed, also to the seeds of leguminous plants.

Prof. Mapes suggested that if seeds were steeped in a solution of sulphate of copper, and then dried previous to planting, it might possibly prevent the dry or wet rot in the ground. Vegetables containing no trace of copper will not make alcohol. The distiller often adds a minute portion of sulphate of copper to his *mash*, and the yield of alcohol is increased thereby. Where seeds, in the ground, are inclined to rot, it arises from the fact that the constituents of the seed are passing into the acetous, and eventually the putrid fermentation: and if a solution of copper prevents the acetous fermentation, in the *mash tub*, it may also do so in the ground. Plantemore (said the Professor) has recommended boring peach trees, introducing sulphate of copper, and plugging up the hole, and says that it will prevent the premature decay of the tree. If this be true, said Mr. Mapes, is not the case analogous with that of seeds?

The general idea of the necessity of constant turning of the soil was sustained by several members.

Mr. Bloomfield stated that northern farmers had illustrated this fact most satisfactorily, by going to Virginia, and by deep ploughing, have raised good crops upon worn-out tobacco lands,—as in Loudon and Fairfax counties, and on James River, &c. And such lands another gentleman stated, bought at six dollars an acre, after deep ploughing, had been sold for twenty-five dollars.

The next topic of conversation is to be the "growth and manufacture of flax."—*N. Y. Express.*

THE LAST WISH.

The celebrated WILSON, the ornithologist, requested that he might be buried near some sunny spot, where the birds would come and sing over his grave. This wish is most beautifully expressed in the following lines. The author is unknown to me.—*Backwoodsman.*

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak, or waving pine,
Or old elm, festooned with the gadding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust;
But o'er me, song of the wild bird shall burst—
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnel stones
Or coffins dark, and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones.

But let the dewy rose
The snow-drop and the violet lend perfume,
Above the spot, where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year
Within the silver birch tree o'er me nung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
And build her dwelling near.

[day.
And ever at the purple dawning of the
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail when the eve grows dim
and grey,
Shall pipe her hymn of love.

The blackbird and the thrush,
And golden oriole shall flit around,
And waken, with a mellow gush of sound,
The forest's solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

SINGULAR.—The United States ship-of-the-line Delaware was taken into the dry dock at the Gosport Navy Yard, the other day, for the purpose of examining and repairing her copper, and cleaning her bottom. Upon examining the rudder, says the Norfolk Courier, a small piece of copper had been rubbed or chafed off the bottom of it, and there was found sticking under the copper, which projected over the edge about half an inch, a Spanish milled dollar, of the date of 1805. How it came there is a mystery.

POPULATION OF BROOKLYN.—We do not believe there is another city in the State which can exhibit any such gain as this. Brooklyn now contains 60,000 inhabitants.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A late letter from Wheeling, (Virginia) August 29th, says there is $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water at the shallowest bar, between this and Cincinnati, and a first rate class of light-draught boats are now running; so that passengers can go from here daily, without any detention, and as comfortable as need be desired, with a choice of two or three boats nearly every day. They are principally new, having most of them been started this spring. The river will not, probably, get any lower this season, and we look for the fall rise in a few weeks, perhaps sooner. I will let you know as soon as it occurs; in the mean time there need be no hesitation in recommending passengers this way.

EXPLOSIVE POWER OF SALTPETRE.—We understand that the select committee of the Corporation applied, some time since, to Professor Silliman, to obtain his views, as to the explosive power of Saltpetre. The result of the investigation was, that saltpetre, of itself, was not explosive; but, that the gases arising from it were highly so.—*N. Y. Express.*

SAN PATRICIO, the point at which the United States troops are now posted, is the site of a deserted Mexican "mission," and previous to the Texian revolution, it contained several hundred inhabitants, but for the last three or four years there have scarcely been a dozen persons living in the place. It is situated on the east bank of the Nueces, about twenty-five miles above the mouth of the river.

OSTRICH HUNTING IN AFRICA.—The male ostrich generally associates with from three to seven females, which all lay in the same nest. He sits as well as the females, and generally at night, that he may defend the eggs from the attacks of the hyenas or other animals.

"You do not mean to say that he can fight these animals?"

"And kill them also. The ostrich has two powerful weapons; its wing, with which it has been often known to break a hunter's leg, the blow from it is so violent; and what is more fatal, its foot with the toe of which it strikes and kills both animals and men. I once myself, in Namaqua Land, saw a Bushman who had been struck on the chest by the foot of the ostrich, and it had torn open his chest and stomach, so that his entrails were lying on the ground. I hardly need say that the poor wretch was dead."

"I could hardly have credited it," observed Alexander.

"The Bushmen skin the ostrich and spread the skin upon a frame of wicker-work; the head and neck are supported by a stick thrust through them. The skin they fix on one of their sides, and carry the head and neck in one of their hands, while the other holds the bows and arrows. In this disguise, of course with the feathered side of him presented to the bird or beast he would get near to—he walks along, pecking with the head at the bushes, and imitating the motions of the ostrich. By this stratagem he very often is enabled to get within shot of the other ostriches, or the quaggas or gnoos which consort with these birds."

"I should like to see that very much," said the Major.

"You would be surprised at the close imitation as I have been. I ought to have said that the Bushman whitens his legs with clay. It is, however, a service of danger, for I have, as I told you, known a man killed by the male ostrich; and the natives say that it is by no means uncommon for them to receive very serious injury."—*Marryat's Scenes in Africa.*

A GREEK SCHOOL.—This afternoon, I had the pleasure of a visit from the Rev. Mr. King, at my new habitation. After having chatted with me for some time, we proposed a walk together. On our way through the suburbs of the town, to the left of the chancellor's house, our attention was attracted by a schoolmaster and his boys, whose evolutions we could not very well make out the meaning of. The master was reciting, and the boys were repeating after him—both parties in a strange, and by no means agreeable nasal tone of voice. After watching this performance for some time, we observed the domine to commence chanting, and beating time with his foot; his pupils doing the same. After a little while, he began to walk round in a circle; his pupils following him and chanting. He then made them squat down and rise up again suddenly, and cross themselves; which having repeated about five minutes he dismissed his flock.

We then addressed the poor old man, and inquired how much he received from each pupil for the instructions we had witnessed. He answered one drachm a month; and being asked if they all paid him regularly, he answered, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Not always—my pupils are poor."—[Cochrane's *Wanderings in Greece*.]

DELAWARE PEACHES.—Mr. Raybold, of Delaware, has chartered a large New York steamboat, capable of carrying 5,000 baskets of peaches, to proceed to that city by sea.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Bitten by a Rat.—Extraordinary Case.—A few evenings ago a young man named Hays, an assistant in the provision store of Mr. Bancroft, on the corner of Purchaser and Federal sts., went home to his house and putting his hand into the closet in the dark, felt it seized sharply. Upon withdrawing it, he found a large rat adhering to him so firmly that he could not shake the creature off till he had killed it. The wound left was inconsiderable, and Mr. Hays thought nothing of the matter till his hand began to swell. Upon calling medical aid, it was found that the virus had spread through his system, and he now lies in a very dangerous state. In the opinion of the physicians amputation would be useless, and he can live but a short time. The swelling has now subsided, and the hand appears as if withdrawn.—[Boston Post.]

Lines written in a meadow of the Connecticut.

No fairer spot know I for early prayer,
No lovelier scene to move a grateful heart,
Than where the groves are waving to the air
Of morn, and birds essay their tuneful part.

The flow'rets breathe sweet welcome in my face,
And humble sons of vegetable train
With diff'rent hues th' enamelled meadow grace,
Mingling with pastures wide and fields of grain.

How fair is morning in the rustic scene!
Far from the haunts of bitterness and care;
Pour out, sweet birds, your varied mellow strain
To heav'n, and aid my rising spirit there.

BADEN-BADEN.—The *Courier des Etats Unis* gives the following account, in its Paris Correspondence, of the season at Baden:

"There are twenty-three hotels at Baden of the most comfortable kind; those of England, Europe, Russia, France, Baden, &c., are superior to the best hotels of Paris. But notwithstanding these twenty-three palaces, it would be difficult at this moment to find a lodging, and I pity the imprudent bathers who have not had the forethought to bespeak apartments. The Baden Register of the season already officially publishes the presence of 10,667 visitors; we are yet, at the commencement of the season, from 200 to 300 a day. Every one predicts that the last year's number (which was 30,284) will be exceeded."

Poverty. What is poverty? Not destitution, but poverty! It has many shapes—aspects almost as various as the minds and circumstances of those whom it visits. To the savage in the wilds, it is famine; to the

laborer in the cottage, it is hardship and privation; to the proud it is disgrace; and to the miser, it is despair. It is a spectre, haunting the man who lives at ease, with dread of change. Such are its varied aspects; but what is it in reality? It is really a deficiency of the comforts of life—a deficiency present and to come. It involves many other things; but this is what it is. Is it then worth all the apprehension and grief it occasions? Is it an adequate cause for the gloom of the merchant, the discontent of the artizan, the foreboding sighs of the mother, the ghastly dreams which haunt the avaricious, the humiliation of the proud? These are severe sufferings; are they authorized by the nature of poverty? Certainly not, if poverty induced no adventitious evils, involved nothing but a deficiency of the comforts of life, leaving life itself unimpaired. "The life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment;" and the untimely extinction of life itself would not be worth the pangs which apprehended poverty excites.—*Selected.*

RECEIPTS.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—1 1-4 pounds of flour, 1 lb. of sugar, 1-2 lb. of butter, 7 eggs, a tea-spoonful of ginger, 1 do. of milk, 1-2 do. of pearlash.

TEA-BISCUIT.—1 quart of flour, 2 tea-spoonfuls of Cream of tartar, 1 of saläratus dissolved in a cup of milk, a small piece of butter.

ANOTHER.—1 qt. of milk, 1 egg, a lump of butter as large as an egg, 2 table-spoonfuls of strong yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ do. of saläratus dissolved in the milk warmed, add flour enough to make a very stiff batter.

Bachelor's Bread.—Milk, 1 quart, 5 eggs, 2 or 3 spoonfuls of lard or butter, and nearly a quart of Indian meal. Mix and bake.

Cold Cream.—Half an ounce of spermaceti, two ounces of oil of almonds, one drachm of white wax. Cut the wax and spermaceti together, put it, with the oil of almonds, into a cup, set it in a vessel of boiling water until it dissolves, then take it out and add a table-spoonful of rose-water, or other perfume, and set by to cool.

FROM ST. DOMINGO.—The Haytien army was 15,000 strong, and has surprised a small village, belonging to the Dominicians, about 60 miles from Port au Platt, in the night, and murdered all the men, women, and children. The Dominicians had proclaimed martial law all over their part of the Island. 10,000 Dominician soldiers had already arrived at Santa Ango. 1,000 had been sent from Port au Platt to that place, and the army would march immediately to meet the Haytiens. The inhabitants at Port au Platt, on account of the above news, were in great consternation.

POETRY.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Tender Lily of the Vale,
Lovely, modest, sweet, and pale,
While a tear, the night hath shed,
Weeping o'er thy beauteous head,
Forms the trembling diadem,
Weighing down thy slender stem;
How in meekness art thou seen,
Like the lowly Nazarene!

Stooping o'er the dust beneath,
From the leaf that rose to sheath
Thine unsullied snowy bells,
Art thou pouring from their cells,
As from pensive vials there,
Odors rising like the prayer,
When in solemn midnight scene
Kneeled the lonely Nazarene.

When the blast, or lightning stroke,
Wrings the willow, rends the oak,
Fearless of the tempest's power,
As a spirit clothed a flower,
Calm, amid the raging storm,
Stands thy frail and silken form,
With no earthly prop or screen,
Like the houseless Nazarene.

Teaching on Judea's height,
He whose words were life and light,
Looked from that far mountain side,
Down o'er field and valley wide,
For a glory there displayed,
Such as monarch ne'er arrayed;
Then, the Lily on the green,
Named our Lord, the Nazarene!

RETURNED TO ITS CAGE.—Mr. Echholtz of Pottsville had a dove, which the Journal says exhibited a great aversion to its prison, and a strong desire to be free: its struggles were so continued and painful, that finally a feeling of compassion prevailed, and the gentle cooing bird was set at liberty, and away it soared, away—away—with rapid wing. Three weeks or more elapsed, when Mr. Echholtz was surprised, one morning, by a visit from a strange dove, which seemed to clamor for attention and a cage: a cage was given it, when lo! by certain unmistakeable marks, Mr. E. knew it to be his quondam feathered pet, which had returned, wounded and weary, to be nursed—Some relentless sportsman had shot it: one leg was broken, and the bird was otherwise injured. It is now well, and seems perfectly happy in its wire-wrought house. Here is food for thought, and material for poetry.

For the Am. Penny Magazine.

Lines written on reading the above.

Sweet Bird, this simple tale has gone
Straight to my heart and eye;
I feel a thrilling in my breast—
A tear-drop swelling high.

For long, like thee, I struggling tried
From that safe home to flee,
Where a kind hand of love would hide,
And feed and nurture me.

My truant wishes often flew
To far, but fancied joys;
Deceitful friends I hailed as true,
And bartered bliss for toys.

Like thee, with haste I burst away,
When freedom I could gain;—
Like thee, soon mourn'd in solitude,
In wounds, and want, and pain.

And oh! like thee, when far and lone,
Repentance deep has come,
And spreading wing, and glowing hope
Soon bore me trembling home.

And there for me stood waiting love,—
Where love had erst abode:
Thine is a human friend, sweet dove,
But I have found my God.

Epigram.

A shop-keeper having a hogshead to sell,
A paper affixed with a nail;
And being unable correctly to spell,
Thereon he had written "for sail!"

But shortly a school-boy along the street came,
Who chancing the paper to spy;
After pointing his pencil, wrote under the
same,
"For freight at the bung-hole apply."
[Selected.]

12,878 passengers arrived at this port from foreign ports, during the month of August.

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